

THE HUSTINGS OF THE FUTURE.

By FERDINAND G. LONG.



When aerial navigation comes in special trains won't be in it with balloons as vote-chasers in the farming districts.

THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

DEATH CHEATED.

By Maurice Joka—His Latest Story.

Enriched, 1800. Daily Story Publishing Co. CALIPH ABDULHAMID one day made the remarkable discovery that the hand of his favorite daughter, the beautiful Zehra, was cold on one day and warm on the next.

Zehra was betrothed to the Moorish Prince Abdallah. Abdallah made the observation that Zehra's hand was not on the night that Alben, the page, watched at his bedside.

One day the Caliph made Alben a present of a fine, gold-stitched pair of slippers. On the soles of the slippers little golden nails spelled the words in Arabic: "Avoid the woman."

From the bedchamber of the Caliph a corridor led to the apartment of the female slaves and thence to that of Princess Zehra. Whenever the Caliph had fallen asleep during the recital of the Arabian tales Alben would steal his way along the corridor through the apartment of the sleeping odalisks to the room of his beloved. He did not surmise that the long hall and the apartment of the slaves were covered with white taffeta and that on the threshold of the Caliph's chamber a lot of fine black powder had been scattered.

The eyes of lovers are blind to such things. They can only see the objects of their affection.

"Ah, my beloved," said the beautiful Zehra, "do you know that we are embracing each other in the shadow of death?"

"Here I am in paradise," replied Alben. "I care nothing for the future."

"Death threatens us," persisted Zehra. "I have often thought that if my father were to learn the secret of our love he would have you put to death."

"I have planned a way by which I will be able to inform you when danger threatens you. Behold this little flask which is known to but few. It has a peculiar fragrance, which you cannot forget after you have smelled it once. A drop of this on the hand or dress will keep its strength for days."

"When my father has learned our secret he will call me to him and order my incarceration. I will throw myself on my knees and while pleading for mercy I will manage to place a drop of this perfume on his hand."

"The beautiful Zehra was making her bridal preparations. While the multitude gathered before the palace to offer their congratulations to the bride a cunuch black as the ace of spades rushed to the front and with lips white from excitement cried:

"The angels have carried away the Caliph to Heaven. Alben has been pointed out by the celestial messengers as the new Caliph!" Zehra sprang to the window. From thousands of throats came the joyous exclamation: "Long live the new Caliph!"

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Where can a young man take mechanical drawing lessons? H. D.

Kindly define the word "Maphaz." A BROOKLYNITE.

To what country did the coin I am about to describe belong? On one side is the date "1771" and the words "Philipus V. D. T. Hispaniarum Rex?" A. R.

Is it permissible for a person born in the United States to vote, his father not being naturalized, without first obtaining papers? NEW YORKER.

B. bet Q. that Mr. Richard Croker was once Coroner for the city of New York. Was he? C. MARSHALL.

LOVE THAT LASTS.

LOVE that lasts a life-time through.

Hearths that travel lightly, Eyes that choose the sunny view, Lips that laugh so brightly, Happy they that hand in hand Thus go onward singing, All their world's a fairyland With magic chime bells ringing!

For all things love the souls that love, And smooth the road they're wending; The dimpling sky smiles from above, Around their rapture bending; And stars in heaven's midnight blue, O shine they ne'er so brightly As on the souls that love life through, The hearts that travel lightly!

LITERARY PRESCRIPTIONS.

For clearness read Minculay.

For logic read Burke and Bacon.

For action read Bacon and Scott.

For sublimity of conception read Milton.

For common sense read Benjamin Franklin.

For vivacity read Stevenson and Kipling.

For imagination read Shakespeare and Job.

For elegance read Virgil, Milton and Arnold.

For simplicity read Burns, Whittier and Bunyan.

For smoothness read Addison and Hawthorne.

For interest in common things read Jane Austen.

For humor read Chaucer, Cervantes and Mark Twain.

For keenness of individual words read Keats, Tennyson and Emerson.

For the study of human nature read Shakespeare and George Eliot.

For loving and patient observation of nature read Thoreau and Walton.

BLUE VISITING GOWN.



It is of plain tan satin-faced broad cloth, with stitched box plaits and lace put on to imitate hip poke, shoulder poke and lower part of waist. A necktie is also shown. The ends are finished with velvet tassels.

NO ADVERTISEMENT.

In houses of the London nobility and at all the court functions at Windsor or any of the palaces the labels are all removed, in order that no person may be able to say that this brand of wine or the other is drunk there.

The World.

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FUKUSHIMA AND OTHER MEN AND MATTERS.

A good story is always in point, and here is one which Frederick Palmer, a World correspondent just returned from China, is telling:

After one of the battles in which the Japanese troops had been long and heavily engaged, the British commander said to Gen. Fukushima:

"You had better rest your men. The enemy is flying and pursuit at present is not necessary."

In his precise English, with a pause after every word to make sure of the right pronunciation of the next one, Gen. Fukushima replied:

"We-are-very-tired. The-enemy-also-are-very-tired. The-enemy-also-are-very-scared. If-we-stop-they-will-know-that-we-are-tired-and-may-think-that-we-are-scared. Therefore-forward!"

Twenty inmates of the Mattawan Asylum for the Criminal Insane tried to escape. Only seven succeeded, six of the seven being white men. Of the six white men all but one have blue eyes.

This is not, as the brown-eyed may hastily think, in support of a theory that eyes of blue or some shading of blue indicate a dangerous character, with tendencies to crime and insanity. It is rather in support of the theory that greater force of character is indicated by blue, blue-gray and blue-green eyes.

Look at the men of your acquaintance who "amount to something," or at the women who are of positive character, and note how many of them have eyes either blue or suggesting blue.

On the other hand, don't forget that among the Northern races there are many times more blue-eyed persons than persons of all other colors of eyes taken together; also that some of the very greatest men in history from Ramezes the Great to William Jennings Bryan have been brown-eyed.

John Sherman has been dying ever since he was driven from public life, a broken-hearted victim of Mark Hanna's Senatorial ambition. His lingering death recalls by contrast the death of that other great Secretary of the Treasury of recent years, William Windom.

He was at the height of his fame and of his career. Just after delivering the greatest speech of his life, while the most distinguished men of finance in the nation were cheering and applauding, he sank back and was instantly dead.

From the standpoint of dramatic effect, of the artistic climax and close to a distinguished career, Windom's death is ideal and Sherman's the reverse. But it must be said that the dramatic sense is not strongly enough developed in the average individual for him to yearn to sacrifice himself that history may turn an eloquent and effective paragraph. Napoleon certainly did not agree with those who think he ought to have died at Waterloo, and so abandoned life when life abandoned him.

There is only one conspicuous example in history of a man who lingered after his activity was over, yet died to the satisfaction of the dramatic instinct. That example is Washington. How incomplete his life would have been without that long and tranquil evening which completed and so loftily established his fame by demonstrating that he had the true greatness of the unselfish lover of liberty—the greatness that is without a stain of self-seeking or personal ambition!

What do you think of Theodore Roosevelt?

Isn't it becoming pretty apparent that he is another "awful example" of the honest man who gets the idea that honesty is not the best policy for him and tries the other course?

A long-headed, unscrupulous man may get on fairly well after a fashion—shady, but more or less successful in a low way. With him shrewd common-sense acts as a substitute for conscience. But that will not do for a man like Roosevelt, with a good brain, but no common sense or discretion. It is usually fatal for such a one to step out of the straight and narrow path.

Roosevelt's exaggerations and misstatements about his Cuban campaign; his sharp practice and stultification about the canal frauds; his cowardice and double-dealing in the Van Wyck-lee Trust case have not escaped public attention. A good many more people than he imagines know that until the last few months he made no secret of his utter contempt for Mr. McKinley, and that he summed up his poor opinion in his famous epigram, "McKinley has a backbone like a chocolate éclair," and they despise him for his public adulation of a man at whom he privately sneers. Finally, have not his wild-eyed and frothing-mouthed clamorings for war and grab made him ridiculous and obnoxious to the average common-sense citizen?

PUT ON FRILLS.

WHEN business was good they put on frills. Judge Parlin Q. Ball, of the Superior Court of Cook County, Illinois, was so poor in youth that he was obliged to board at the house of an undertaker. He says he could always tell when his landlord's business was thriving by the appearance of ice on the butter and flowers on the table.

Myriad Islands.

Between Madagascar and the coast of India there are about 15,000 islands, only 63 of which are inhabited.

Meat Eaten in England.

The annual consumption of meat in England is 70 pounds per head, 16 per cent of which is imported.

SMILES ARE WIDE ON THE COMIC SIDE.

INTERCHANGEABLE.



She'll wear the light overcoat to-day, dear, but you must wear it to-morrow, for I'm going to a funeral and must dress in black.

A CINCH.

Wright—I wish to submit this article on the "Daily Lives of Our Millionaires."

Editor—Don't want it; too dry. Why don't you write about something with more snap to it?

Wright—Gee whizz! I can't imagine a bigger snap than a millionaire's life.

A COMPOSITE AFFAIR.

"All of us fellows in the graduating class," said the new-fledged medical student, "have decided to grow a beard."

"That should be easy," replied the sarcastic man, "if you all work together. How many hairs is each to contribute?"

SPORTING EXPRESSION.



"Ahead of the game."

NO WIT IN GREAT SPEECHES.

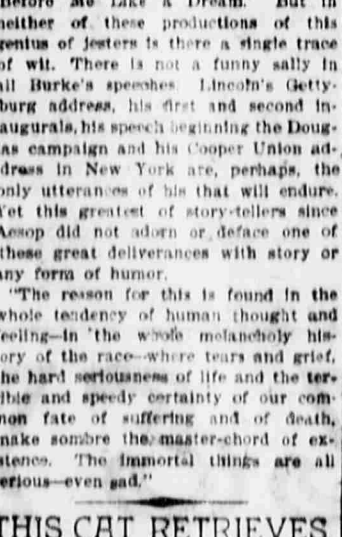
Senator Beveridge Says the Immortal Things Are All Serious.

"An eloquent article on 'Public Speaking,' in The Saturday Evening Post of Oct. 6, United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge says:

"It is a remarkable thing that there is neither wit nor humor in any of the immortal speeches that have fallen from the lips of men. To find a joke in Webster would be an offense. The only things which Rogers wrote that will live are his oration at his brothers grave and his famous 'The Past Recalls Before Me Like a Dream.' But in neither of these productions of this genius of jesters is there a single trace of wit. There is not a funny sally in all Burke's speeches. Lincoln's Gettysburg address, his first and second inaugural, his speech beginning the Douglas campaign and his Cooper Union address in New York are, perhaps, the only utterances of his that will endure. Yet this greatest of story-tellers since Aesop did not adorn or deface one of these great deliverances with story or any form of humor."

"The reason for this is found in the whole tendency of human thought and feeling—in the whole melancholy history of the race—where tears and grief, the hard seriousness of life and the terrible and speedy certainty of our common fate of suffering and of death, make sombre the masters of our existence. The immortal things are all serious—even sad."

THIS CAT RETRIEVES.



This is Wuzzy, a cat which goes hunting with the hunter and gun and retrieves the game as the ordinary hunting dog usually does. Wuzzy has been trained to do this to perfection, never making the mistake a dog sometimes does of trying to find game when none falls, although the shot has been fired. He has also acquired other habits of the dog besides his great ability as a retriever. He follows members of the family when they go out visiting, and if the visit is too long yowls until the hint is taken and the visit cut short. He returns affection and kisses in a way of his own. When caressed he gives sundry soft pats on either cheek with his velvety paws and gently bites and nibbles the cheek and nose, imitating the kisses he receives. He objects to a mistake and resents being kissed by any one with one.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.



Nora Grett—Now that we have declared our engagement off, give me back my lock of hair.

Noah Phence—Do I resemble a bottle of hair restorer?

A MATTER OF TASTE.

"Beg pardon," said the postal clerk who had sold her the stamps, "but you don't have to put a five-cent stamp on a letter for Canada."

"I know," said she, "but the shade just matches my envelope, you know."

A HOTHEAD.



Percy—I've done a terribly dare-devil thing, Gusie.

Gusie—What is it?

Percy—I've made an election bet with a fellow, and if I lose I'm not to shave for forty-eight hours!

SWEETHEART RING.

A "sweetheart ring" is a band of heavy gold in which is set, instead of a jewel, a cube of gold. On the surface of this the initials of the donor and the recipient are lovingly entwined, sometimes within a heart. It is by no means an engagement ring nor does it signify any special bond beyond that of a summer flirtation.

A pretty idea is to use the rings as seals. You know, a varied language is spoken by colors of sealing wax. Red would be scarcely proper at the early stage, because it means ardent love. Truth is typified by blue; green means that the affection is young and tender. Yellow, I suppose, would indicate jealousy, and so on.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Answers Unhappy Wives and Husbands.

A Case that Calls for Sympathy.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I have a husband, a very good one as far as money is concerned, but he is very fond of admiration from the opposite sex. He has deceived me so often that I cannot believe a word he says. Do you think that a man that deceives his wife and goes out with other women has any love for her?

WRETCHED WIFE.

No, I do not think you should remain in the position you occupy. I think you should have a serious talk with your husband, once for all, if you are positive he has been unfaithful to you. I cannot see how you can live with him or expect to do so in peace, although I do know that some women have reclaimed just such husbands as the one you describe; but I cannot think that a woman should be martyred or that the man who will break her heart in this way is worthy the sacrifice of long years of patient and heart-breaking endurance.

Do not waver in any case whatever. Do not get angry, above all things, give your husband another chance if you can find it in your heart to be so lenient to him. Don't be afraid of him or his displeasure. He is in the wrong and you have every advantage in the matter.

See Child Must Leave Home.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I beg your advice. I am a hard-working woman, I am married, but have not lived with my husband for the past three years as he has done nothing for our support. I have a child three years of age whom I love dearly, but the family I live with told me that the landlord notified them that they must send the child away or else move, as they don't allow any children in the house. Could you recommend some home where I could see her often not so far away? I am living in Brooklyn.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

I would suggest your going to a clergyman or parish priest and getting the name of a proper place to take your child. I do not know of the addresses of such homes in Brooklyn.

Can They Remarry?

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am a young man, twenty-one years of age, and was married secretly last July. My wife and I would like to know if it would cause any trouble to have another (public) marriage, as we do not want our parents to know of the secret marriage?

THOMAS J.

No, it will cause no trouble. Of course, the first marriage is the legal one. If I were in your place I should take the parents into my confidence and acknowledge the first marriage. It is the more sensible plan.

ORIGIN OF OXTAIL SOUP.

THE discovery that oxtails contain a delicious and nutritious soup-bone, it is said, is due to the dark days of the French Revolution, when many of the nobility were reduced to sheer want. Hides had always been sent to the tanneries with the tails still attached. The tails were subsequently thrown away.

A certain nobleman on the unpleasant verge of starvation begged for one of them, and from it manufactured the first dish of oxtail soup.

THE HALL OF FAME.

Brief Biographies of the Men Whose Names Are First Chosen.

5.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BORN, Boston, Mass., May 25, 1803. Was graduated at Harvard, 1821. Taught school for the next five years.

Was ordained as clergyman, 1823. Left the pulpit for the lecture platform 1825.

First volume of essays published 1841. First volume of poems, 1846.

Died, Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882.

Rated among the foremost philosophers of the century. His reputation is as great in England as in America. A profound thinker and a recognized master of the English language.

Tomorrow a short biographical sketch of Robert Fulton will be printed with portrait.

Portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.